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GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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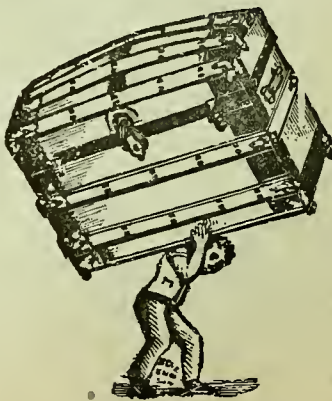
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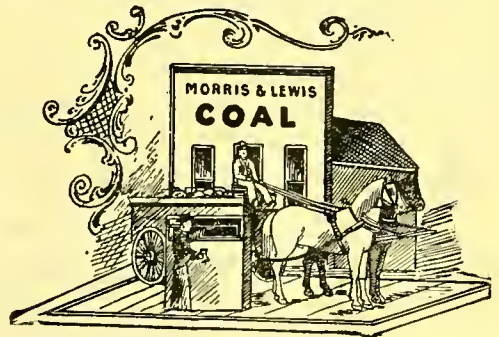


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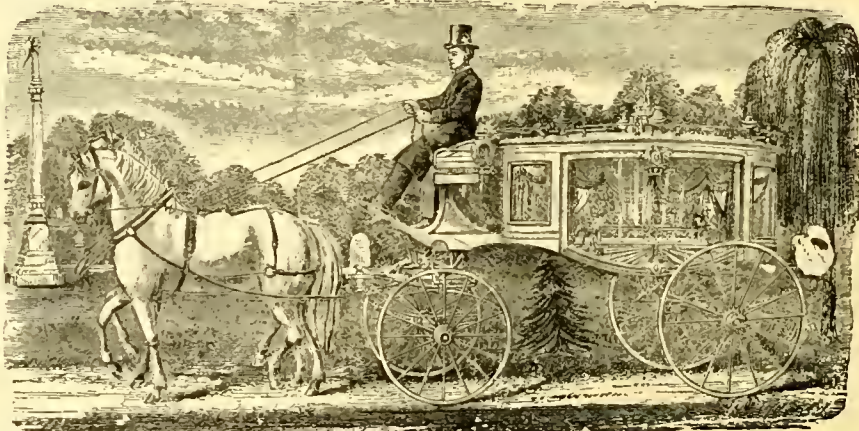
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No. 21.

TEA AND TEA GARDENS.

TEA is perhaps more commonly used among all the civilized nations of the

earth than any other beverage. Millions of pounds are annually consumed. It has been used in England and other



TEA GARDENS AT SHANGHAI, CHINA,

European countries for several hundred years, and it was grown and used in China long before it was known to

Christian nations. Indeed, the Celestials claim to have had a knowledge of it several centuries before the birth of

their great sage Confucius, who mentions it in his writings. The use of the plant certainly originated in China, though the plant itself is supposed to be indigenous to Assam.

The Japanese soon learned of it, and procuring seeds and plants from China, cultivated it extensively in their own country. From these two countries the tea drinking world was supplied until during the early part of the nineteenth century; when it was transplanted into Java, India, Brazil and many other places where the climate favors its growth.

It is comparatively hardy, but requires a moist, warm climate and rich, light soil for successful production. It is grown throughout India, but chiefly in Bengal and Assam, where it is the principal article of commerce.

The native varieties of Assam differ from those of China, being larger and more luxuriant, but not so hardy.

No use was made of the plant in Assam until about half a century ago. Seeds and plants were obtained from China, but were of little value, for the native variety was found to be equally good in every respect. It is grown extensively throughout this part of Asia: the gardens are orderly and well kept, and the plants highly cultivated. In the Himalayan districts it grows luxuriantly, often attaining the height of a large tree. The tea plant of China is a brushy shrub, growing four or five feet high. It is densely covered with leaves which are gathered four times during a season. The quality of the tea depends upon the size and age of the leaf, the finer qualities being made from the small, tender leaves, the cheaper kinds from the older, coarser leaves. The first crop is the best, and so following.

The tea gardens of China add greatly

to the beauty of the country. The industry of the Chinese people is demonstrated by the care with which they tend their farms and gardens. The tea gardens are laid out in sunny spots, where the soil is moist and light.

The Chinese method of fertilization is perhaps more perfect than any other. Every particle of waste and refuse matter is carefully preserved and used. Soot, ashes, bones, the contents of the sewer, and common manure are all used, but hair is especially valued by them for this purpose. And as they have great quantities of it, on account of their fashion of shaving the head, it is commonly used. They generally fertilize the plant or seed rather than the soil, as the water percolating through the ground washes it away from the roots. They soak the seed in a liquid prepared from the refuse matter, until it begins to sprout, when it is carefully removed and planted. This not only hastens the growth of the plant, but is a preventive of insects.

Their mode of irrigation is also good. Along the rivers and canals, of which there are a great number, high embankments of rich mud are thrown up, and the water filtering through them feeds the roots of the plants, without swamping them.

Their gardens are often built upon the hillsides, and such a situation is believed to be the best. The young plants are cherished and cultivated, but are not ready for use until the third year, when the leaves are gathered and prepared for market.

The thrift of the Chinese and the cheapness of their labor makes their services valuable to the tea growers. They are therefore employed in countries where the plant is raised.

The black and green teas are sup-

posed by many to be made from different plants, but the color depends merely upon the manner of preparation. The leaves are gathered by the gardener, then sent to the factory where they undergo the usual preparation, sifting, rolling and roasting. The black tea is generally made of the coarser leaves and the stems. The leaves are first withered then rolled between the hands and passed from one person to another till they form a pulp, this is set aside to ferment. It is exposed to the sunlight for a time and then roasted. The preparation of the green tea is nearly the same. The leaves are rolled without drying, then fired, then beaten thoroughly. It is then left for several hours, after which it is fired again, being stirred briskly, and the heat is then diminished gradually. This process develops the green color; but an extra tinge is usually added by "facing" it with a dye, which is often poisonous.

One of the best qualities of green tea is manufactured in Hoey-chow-foo. From the soil of this place not only is the tea grown, but the cups from which it is drunk are made.

There are three kinds of tea made—green, black and brick. The latter kind, made from the large leaves and the stems, is pressed into the shape of bricks, and exported into Arabia and other places, where it is often stewed and eaten in milk as a vegetable.

Of the articles of commerce, tea is one of the most liable to adulteration. The Chinese are unscrupulous and have often been discovered in passing off an impure article for genuine *pakoe* or *imperial hyson*. Adulteration of tea is most common. Leaves of other plants are prepared in such a way as to resemble tea in form and color, and being much cheaper is sold at a greater

profit. Cleanliness is not a characteristic of the Chinese nation, and it is not a difficult matter for them to adulterate and mix filth or poison with the tea in spite of the watchfulness of the officials. They gather the leaves which have been used, dry, roll and color them, mixing in a small amount of good tea to flavor it, after which it is packed and sold. This is sometimes called "lie tea," a very appropriate name. Such frauds were at one time universal in all the countries where tea was manufactured, but are now not so common, especially in the countries where Christian influence prevails. The most sickening sights are sometimes seen, such as pigs and other animals wallowing in the leaves while undergoing the process of drying. This vile stuff is sold and used by civilized people! It is certain that the tea used by the Chinese themselves is far superior to that exported to other nations. They will not taste even that which we call the best. The very best varieties will not bear exportation on account of the atmosphere, and the dampness which will creep into it during the sea voyage, no matter how securely it is packed.

Shanghai is the leading tea growing district of China. Around the city, which is called the "Garden of China," are rich, broad plains covered with gardens of tea and fields of rice.

Black tea is generally supposed to be purer and better than the green varieties, being richer and more pleasant to the taste, and less liable to adulteration. Neither, however, is recommended for food, for while it acts as a stimulant, bracing up the system for a time, the results which follow are often very bad, as it produces sleeplessness and excitement. "The tannin contained in its infusion also interferes with the flow of

the saliva, diminishes the digestive activity of the stomach, and impedes the action of the bowels. In this view, the large quantity of strong tea used by the poor—and especially the sedentary poor—while serving to blunt the keen tooth of hunger, must work incalculable havoc on the digestive and nervous systems of the consumers."

Aside from the fact that we have been warned through revelation against the use of tea, we know that it is not healthful nor nutritious. It is a drug, and for medicinal purposes may be of some value, but the millions of dollars that are sent from our country annually for this article by drinking which "men seem to have lost their stature and women their beauty," had much better be kept at home and spent in such a way as to benefit and build up the nation.

R. A. C.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE IRRIGATION CONGRESS.

A GREAT many resolutions were introduced by different persons at the recent Irrigation Congress, and they were referred to the committee on resolutions. The committee embodied the ideas contained in such of those resolutions as pleased them in an address to the people of the United States. When this was read it was discussed paragraph by paragraph. There was one of these paragraphs that contained an allusion to Utah, contrasting Utah very favorably with Massachusetts. These were the words: "Irrigation means a large percentage of land ownership. In Massachusetts, between seventy and eighty per cent. of the people are landless tenants; in irrigated Utah ninety per

cent. of the people are landed proprietors. Irrigation means small farms and neighborhood association." When this paragraph was discussed, the delegates from Utah felt that it would scarcely be proper to have a contrast of this kind drawn between Massachusetts and Utah. We had no objection to Utah being praised, but not at the expense of Massachusetts, as I felt that it might create feelings against us. I expressed myself in favor of this contrast not being drawn, saying that the people of Utah would prefer not to have it. But strange to say, when the feeling that prevailed five or six years ago is remembered, there were several delegates from different parts who objected to any change being made in this language. They said it was the truth concerning Massachusetts and the truth concerning Utah, and that Utah ought to have the credit that belonged to her. After some discussion, however, the Congress consented to strike out the sentence in relation to Massachusetts, and let the rest stand.

I do not know how to give a better illustration of the remarkable change that has taken place in public sentiment concerning Utah than the mere relation of this incident—to think that there should be such a determination as was evinced on this occasion to give Utah the credit that belonged to her, and also the reluctance that was shown not to have Massachusetts mentioned in such unfavorable contrast with Utah.

FAULTS WITH OUR MANAGEMENT.

While listening to the praises of Utah at this Irrigation Congress, I wished that we were more worthy of them. There are many faults to be found with our system of doing things; and in

visiting different places with the members of the Irrigation Congress, my attention was drawn to these faults by seeing the good management of orchards, especially by many communities. In the cultivation of fruit we are not generally up to the mark. We have as good a country for fruit as can be found on the continent in our latitude; but we do not raise it to the extent we should. There are some enterprising, careful and judicious men who make money by raising fruit of the best quality, and in the best manner; but this is the exception rather than the rule. We are not systematic in this direction. Orchards are not cultivated with the care which they should receive. Fruit is not produced, or when produced is not put up in such a condition as to market to the best advantage. So with potatoes and other vegetables.

NEED OF ORGANIZATION.

There is great need for the organization of societies in our Wards and Stakes, to compare methods, to give results, and to disseminate information concerning the best manner of producing crops and of preparing them for market. There are no people on the continent so well situated as we are to have organizations of this kind. The Latter-day Saints have a natural capacity for organization. But they need leading men to take the first steps and to branch out. The Bishops occupy a position which enables them to do this. But all Bishops do not have the talent or faculty for doing this. They, however, might search out suitable men in their Wards and give them encouragement to lead out in this direction. To keep up our reputation and to grow as we should do and maintain the influence

which God designs that we should exercise, this should be done. We ought to progress and not rest satisfied with present surroundings, but continually aim to improve them.

It is conceded that we have a population that cannot be surpassed for industry, energy and perseverance. But there is this to be said in relation to our agriculture and horticulture: thousands of those who are now engaged in these pursuits have come from foreign lands, where they were engaged in labors of an entirely different character, and they have had to learn, sometimes after reaching middle age, to cultivate the earth, and to produce from it their sustenance. We have heard of people coming to this country and becoming agriculturists who really did not know till they came here that potatoes did not grow on bushes, they had so little idea of agriculture. It has been an immense labor, covering long years, to uplift our people to their present status; and looking at it from one standpoint, it is wonderful, considering the people and their former training, what has been accomplished. We are probably in a better position now to make progress in every direction than ever before. A new generation has grown up in these mountains, familiar with everything connected with our lives here. Educational facilities have multiplied to a very great extent, and the rising generation gives promise of being a very intelligent and superior body of people.

I sincerely trust that the spirit of improvement which is now showing itself around us, will take possession of our young and active men, and that they will press forward and take every advantage of our situation, make our land beautiful by their well applied

labors, make our country noted for the superior excellence of its productions, and carry forward with earnestness and zeal, the work their fathers have so well begun.

The Editor.

SHORT LECTURES, STORIES, SKETCHES

(By students of the Rhetoric Class, B. Y. Academy.)

Bad Pears.

JOHNNIE JONES was a very rude and disobedient boy. Whichever way his parents wished him to go for the good, he always went contrary to their wish.

Rude company suited him best, and he always sought for the roughest crowd of boys that could be found in the village.

His father was a good, pious man, and he would often feel sorry on account of his son's waywardness.

Many were the hours that he has talked and counseled with his boy, but his words were wasted, because he heeded them not, only to laugh at, and to tell the other boys how foolish his father really was. The only answer the father ever gained was, that if there was one good boy among a dozen bad ones they could not spoil him even if they wished to do so.

One day the father called his son to the house. While on his way Johnnie wondered to himself what the lecture would be about. When he came in the room his patient father smiled on the frowning face before him then said:

"My boy, will you please get me twelve of those pears that you see on that tree."

The boy with a smiling face ran quickly to the place, picked the fruit from the tree, and brought it to his father.

The father then told him to bring another pear, one that was spoiled.

The pears were placed on a plate, with the bad one in the center. When told to put them in the pantry for a few days Johnnie quickly cried out that the bad pear would soon spoil the good ones.

"Never mind," was the father's reply, "you put them away and we will see."

When a few days had passed by, Johnnie brought the pears from the pantry, and when he looked at them he saw that every one was spoiled.

The father then said, "Johnnie, you saw how good these pears were when placed away. Now see how they look today. So it is with boys. One bad boy can spoil a dozen good boys."

Johnnie profited by that example, and from that time he has been a better boy.

Maria Jensen.

The Three Sunbeams.

ONE bright spring morning, in the far East, three little sunbeams met and decided to pay a visit to the earth; so after a hasty farewell they separated and started on their journey.

The first sunbeam entered a humble cottage and found there a little sobbing child sitting alone upon the floor. "Now," said the sunbeam, "I wonder if I cannot make him smile." So he peeped into baby's eyes, kissed his lips, played with his fingers, and darting hither and thither soon chased all care from the child's face, and then his light, childish laugh was heard through the house, and he was happy with his new-found friend, the sunbeam.

The second beam decided to visit a little country village, that stood in a green valley between the mountains. As he stopped upon a mossy bank to

listen a moment to the sweet warble of a bird, he beheld a poor drooping flower by the roadside, and darting to her side he said:

"Why are you sad? Come, lift up your head and drink in the morning dew and sunshine."

Forgetting her sorrow the flower raised her poor head and was glad.

The third sunbeam, wandering to a distant crowded city silently crept into an attic chamber, where lay a dying soldier. Long months he had lain in this dark, dismal room awaiting the summons of death, when opening his eyes he beheld the little messenger laughing and dancing about him. It seemed as if a part of the warmth and light had crept into his heart, and, after chasing away the gloom and sorrow, had brought with them swift, happy memories of his joyous youth. As he recalled the scenes of his childhood and boyhood days, he seemed to roam again through pasture and meadow; fancied himself again under the old apple tree, making a kite, or mending a fishing line; heard once more the kind tones of his mother's voice calling him to his morning meal—and as he thus lay dreaming on, the little beam, satisfied with his work, hastened to join his brothers in the far west, where they said to their great father, the sun, that in making others happy, they had found the greatest joy themselves.

Mattie Nelson.

Teddie.

ONE morning little Teddie felt very bad; some cruel, rude boy had robbed a bird's nest which he had found, and claimed as all his own. Then his pretty toy horse had its tail broken off. His hat was lost, and it seemed to Teddie

that the whole world was sad and gloomy.

He was sitting on the porch crying as though his heart would break, when his brother sought to comfort him.

Teddie became angry and struck him, saying, "You mean, old boy, you took my birdies' nest away, and broke my horse, and I don't like you. Go away."

His mamma saw him strike his brother, and went out to talk to him. "Teddie, Teddie, why did you strike your brother when he was so kind to you?"

"He stole my birdies' nest, and broke my horse," said Teddie, "and I don't like him." Willie was innocent, but Teddie was so angry he would not listen. "You had boy, you must go out and play by yourself, if you can't be good."

Teddie went into the orchard and wandered down by the fence and peeped through. He saw two little sisters playing there together, Maud and Lillie; he knew them well, for they were his neighbors. One of them was crying over her dollie, because its nose was broken. Teddie could hear the soft, sad tones of the little girl's voice, saying, "Oh, my dollie's nose is broken, my dollie's nose is broken."

Lillie was seeking to comfort her. She said, "See, Maud, you can have my doll. It is larger than yours. Just see its dress, how pretty, and its hair is long and curly just like yours."

Maud soon forgot her sorrow and was happy and at play again.

Teddy could now see where he had acted very rude, and soon ran back to the house in search of his mamma and brother. Placing his arms around his mamma's neck, he said, "O, mamma, I have been a very naughty boy and I feel so sorry. Please, mamma, I'll be

good. Let me stay here and play." She wiped his tears away and told him to run and kiss his brother, and tell him he was sorry. He did so and was soon happy.

So Teddie was not a bad boy after all. His mamma did not know what caused the change in her boy, but Teddie never forgot the lesson.

Julia Hopkins.

The Pine Tree and the Violet.

IN a green forest grew a tall pine tree, taller a great deal than any of the other trees in the forest. Many people came to see it, and every one admired it. Near it grew a small plant, which in summer was covered with beautiful blue flowers and green leaves. Those who came to see the tree would take a flower from the plant and carry it home with them.

The pine tree saw this, and when it heard the praises of the violet it became very jealous. One day it said spitefully to the flower:

"You think you are beautiful, but when winter comes your leaves will all wither and be blown away. But I shall keep my green leaves all winter."

The poor little violet felt very sad as it looked up at the great tree, with its noble branches and green leaves.

"You are so very, very small," continued the pine. If the wind should blow very hard your stem would be broken."

One day the woodman came to the forest and the violet heard him say, "What a fine tree!" Then the violet began to feel bad that it was little and insignificant.

But after awhile it heard a dreadful noise, and looking up saw that the woodman was cutting the great tree down.

"Too bad," thought the little flower. "I ought to be glad that I am so small that no one will notice me."

The woodman, stopping to rest, saw the plant and came and picked some of the pretty flowers, and said, "You are very beautiful. It makes me glad to see you."

The violet felt very happy, but ever after when it was tempted to laugh at anything smaller or plainer than itself, it thought of the pine tree and its tragic fate.

Sarah Wedge.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

THE Deseret Sunday School Union held its semi-annual conference in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Oct. 6th, 1895, at 7 p.m.

Present of the general superintendency—George Q. Cannon. George Goddard and Karl G. Maeser, all members of the Union Board, Apostles Brigham Young and John W. Taylor, many stake superintendents, Presidents of stakes, Bishops and Superintendents of Wards and the vast auditorium and galleries were filled with Sunday school officers and workers.

The Tabernacle Choir rendered, "Hark, listen to the trumpeters."

Prayer was offered by Elder Wm. Fotheringham.

The choir sang, "Another day has passed and gone."

ROLL CALL.

The general secretary, Elder John M. Whitaker, called the roll of Stakes, which was responded to in nearly every instance; and also presented the following Sunday school officers; the vote in each case being unanimous:

GENERAL SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFICERS.

George Q. Cannon, general superintendent; George Goddard, first assistant general superintendent; Karl G. Maeser, second assistant general superintendent.

As members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board—George Q. Cannon, George Goddard, Karl G. Maeser, George Reynolds, Abraham H. Cannon, Thomas C. Griggs, Jos. W. Summerhays, Levi W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant and John C. Cutler.

Elder John M. Whitaker stated, at this point, that in consequence of increased labors of the Union Board and the growth of the Sunday school work in Zion Elder Jos. M. Tanner had been accepted by the Union Board as a member, and upon being submitted to the vote of the conference was unanimously sustained.

As general secretary, John M. Whitaker; as general treasurer, George Reynolds.

REMARKS.

First Assistant General Superintendent George Goddard was much pleased to see the great strides made by the Sunday school cause since 1872, when all Sunday school workers, he said, numbered 15,000; now they numbered nearly 100,000.

LABORS OF THE UNION BOARD.

The labors of members of the Union Board have extended to over twenty-five Stake annual Sunday school conferences since last general conference, and with most gratifying results.

ANNUAL S. S. CONFERENCE.

These yearly Stake conferences are held for the benefit of the Sunday schools of the respective Stakes, to encourage the Sunday school workers, to interest the

parents and more thoroughly arouse a universal interest in the Sunday school cause among leading authorities of the various wards, for the youth to obtain a proper education in the principles of the Gospel. In all their visits the members of the Union board acknowledge uniform courtesy at the hands of ward and Stake authorities.

Elder Goddard then stated that among the many topics treated upon at these conferences were the following:

TOPICS AT SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES.

The administering of the sacrament each Sunday, under the direction of the Bishopric of the ward, who may designate the superintendent or others to administer it. Those who are in fellowship in the Church and all children who are under eight years of age are proper subjects for the sacrament, but after they are eight years old, children should be instructed that it is wrong to partake of this ordinance, until they are baptized and confirmed members of the Church; the encouraging of concert singing; the importance of good secretaries, who keep their minutes properly recorded; holding of regular teachers' meetings; punctuality in commencing schools at 10 a.m.; the furnishing of correct statistical reports to the general secretary by January 30th of each year; the change of "nickel day" from Sept. 1st. to the last Sunday in October of each year; methods of study; school discipline; Sunday school lessons; grading; qualifications of teachers, etc. The Union Board hoped to see the membership of the Sunday schools the coming year reach one hundred thousand, and would be pleased to receive a full complement on "nickel donation" on the last Sunday of October each year.

NEW LEAFLETS.

The Union Board are issuing a new series of leaflets on three subjects—the Bible, Book of Mormon and Church history, 20,000 of each to be published and 10,000 of these to be distributed among the various schools free. If others are needed by the schools they may be obtained by applying to the Union Board.

THE "LORD'S PRAYER."

Elder Francis M. Lyman, a member of the Union Board, treated upon the manner of dealing with the "Lord's prayer" in Sunday schools. He believed no more important section was to be found in the Sermon on the Mount than this. The Savior, in instructing His disciples how to pray, commenced by saying: "Our Father who art in heaven." This is the pattern He set, and it is pleasing to the Lord that we should approach His holy and sacred name in the most reverential way. "Hallowed be thy name;" what a vast amount of meaning in this sentence! Father, thy name shall be revered and hallowed by us, we will not speak it in vain." "Thy kingdom come" is what we are taught to pray for in our devotional exercises. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." What a glorious hope—the doing of our Father's will here as the righteous and angels do it in heaven! "Give us this day our daily bread," not only means food for the body daily, but the speaker felt that in this beautiful expression was included all our wants and necessities both for the building of the spiritual as the temporal being. "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," not as we expect or intend to forgive, but as we have forgiven. This sentiment should be thoroughly

incorporated in our daily lives. "Lead us not into temptation" has been more properly translated by the Prophet Joseph Smith to read: "Suffer us not to be led into temptation, but deliver us from evil." "For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever and ever, amen." This beautiful prayer should be studied, reasoned upon and understood by our Sunday school teachers, and put into daily use, and we would soon reach the glorious hopes of the Gospel.

POLITICS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Elder Abraham H. Cannon, a member of the Union Board, in speaking upon "Objections to wearing political badges, and the evil growing out of political discussions in Sunday Schools," related several instances where such things have been the cause of much sorrow and bitter feelings. Surely, he thought, the Sunday school should be the last place where such badges and discussions should be allowed. Such an evil could not be too strongly condemned. He had no objections to people wearing badges and discussing politics in proper places, but to bring them within the sacred confines of the Sunday schools never should be allowed; but at such gatherings all should meet on common ground and together partake of the spirit of love and union that should characterize Latter day Saints.

Second Assistant General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser in reviewing the vast strides made by the Sunday schools in membership, methods, discipline and spirit of the Gospel, contemplated the march in these directions with pride. Notwithstanding all that has been done, a vast amount of work, planning and directing will be needed in the future, before the consummation of our glorious

hope. We are, as it were, at the foot of the hill with a mighty labor before us. A great amount of training, patience and humility are needed. Among the many means of spreading benefits to the Sunday schools has been the establishment of a Sunday school normal training class at the Brigham Young Academy, which commences its next twenty weeks course on the 21st of November. At this course the various Sunday schools of the Church have the privilege of sending students free, and in selecting such there are qualifications very necessary in order that the best results follow.

First, capability in receiving and understanding instruction and taking proper note;

Second, the ability to teach to others the knowledge thus acquired; to take up the leaflets, text-books or other means of instruction to properly handle a subject; and

Third, on their return home to be able to organize in their ward Sunday schools a similar class for the training of teachers, as we want the Sunday school to become the nurseries for teachers until in our various schools we will have competent teachers and plenty of them.

Master Charles Pike, of the Nineteenth Ward Sunday School, sang in a charming manner, "Angels ever bright and fair."

Remarks were made by General Superintendent George Q. Cannon. Among the items mentioned by him were the following: The importance of all Sunday school literature being submitted to the Union Board for its approval before being used in the schools; as where teachers or superintendents in various wards and stakes get out plans and have their own ideas

published without the knowledge of the Union Board there is very apt to be a conflict and diversified methods, etc. The Union Board has been established as the head of the Sunday school work, and all literature used should be submitted to it before being introduced, as a safeguard to preserve union and harmony of action. All information on Sunday school matters should be submitted to the Board for official action.

INTERRUPTIONS IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Another important subject, and one upon which the Presidency of the Church has given counsel, is the regularity with which our Sunday schools should be maintained.

It is found that interruptions for ward or stake conferences are very injurious to the growth and success of the Sunday school cause, and it has been recommended and counseled by the brethren that hereafter the Sunday schools should be held without interruption the entire year.

JOINT STAKE AND SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES ANNUALLY.

It has been suggested, if agreeable to the stake president and superintendent, that at one of the stake quarterly conferences, a part of a conference be devoted to holding the annual Sunday school conference. Where this is done it should be held three days, the Stake and Sunday school authorities dividing the time between the two conferences. This could be made a very interesting gathering and one fraught with much good. Of course, such conference would be left for the united action of both. Where this plan has been adopted, good results have followed and it gives members of the Board who are also of the Twelve Apostles the privilege of being in attendance.

SETTING APART OF TEACHERS.

As a great many inquiries are being made as to whether Sunday school teachers should be set apart, the speaker stated that while great efficacy is realized by so doing, the brethren are called to such positions to act as teachers by virtue of the Priesthood they hold and the appointment received from the authorities of the Church. Superintendent Cannon had been pleased with the instructions given and the bright prospects of the future.

Elder Heber J. Grant, a member of the Union Board, heartily endorsed what had been said, especially the suggestions of General Superintendent George Q. Cannon regarding the holding of the annual Sunday school conference in connection with one of the quarterly Stake conferences; and he trusted the distant presidents of Stakes and superintendents would consult upon this matter and arrange their conferences accordingly, and notify the Union Board which Stake Conference they would prefer for this purpose. He appreciated the glorious work done for the rising generation, and closed by invoking heaven's blessing upon all those engaged in Sunday school work.

A vote of thanks was tendered Prof. Evan Stephens, the choir and organist for the beautiful music rendered during the evening.

The choir sang, "God of Israel hear our prayer."

Conference adjourned for six months.

Benediction by Elder Brigham Young.

John M. Whitaker, Gen. Sec.

THE worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else, and not that.

A REMARKABLE HEALING.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

THE Lord has so very signally made manifest His wonderful power in my family, and has shown His mercies towards us in so remarkable a manner, that I desire to show our gratitude and thanksgiving to Him through the columns of your valuable paper (provided it meets your mind), for the encouragement of my relatives and friends, and all the Saints. My eldest daughter, Lizzie by name, was so sorely afflicted in her eyes and wrists for about two years that she could not bear any light without pain, and could scarcely lift a paper from the table or turn the leaves of a book. Besides these afflictions, she was so weak in her general health that she was rapidly going into a decline.

During the last few weeks of this time she could not wait on herself at the table without great distress.

For days and weeks she would sit, listless and helpless, in a chair, not being able to read or work, or do anything to while away the tedious hours of the long summer days, and was unable to sleep at night. Notwithstanding all these ceaseless sufferings she uttered not one murmuring word or heaved a complaining sigh.

I took her to the Salt Lake Temple, where she was baptized for her health, the entire family fasting for her. I administered to her many times.

During our ward conference I requested Presidents Geo. Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith and Angus M. Cannon to administer to her, which they did, and promised her many great blessings. Again we all fasted for her.

I placed her in the care of one of our lady doctors for three months. All these efforts proved futile, as my daughter did not improve.

On Monday, July 8th, this year, I took my eldest son, George, with me to Big Cottonwood Canyon, on a three days' trip after wood. On Tuesday, the 9th, my birthday, my daughter gave way to her feelings in a bitter cry.

My son Artie, a boy of fourteen years of age, had been reading the life of Parley P. Pratt, wherein are recorded many remarkable instances of healing, and says these words of the Savior: "In my name thou shalt cast out devils, and nothing shall be impossible unto you," kept running through his mind.

When my daughter cried so bitterly, Artie stepped up to her and said, "Lizzie, you shall not cry like this any more!" He then told the folks that Lizzie would be healed by the twenty-fourth. During the day Artie told his younger brother that Lizzie would be healed by Sunday, and towards evening he said that she would receive her strength the next day. He then retired and had the following visions, which I give in his own words:

"On the night of July 9th, 1895, as I lay upon my bed I saw a great battle fought. Our family fought millions of wicked enemies, who seemed to be on every side. These enemies were of a dark red color, as if scorched by fire, and did not have any hair on their heads, and were very ugly.

"The captain was considerably taller than the others, and had a cap on, which went to a point at the top. On this point was a sort of plume, or something which bobbed about as he moved. He had something on his feet which also flopped about; they were of a dark red color.

"His followers looked like men with tights on; they were about four feet tall, while the captain was about six.

"We were fighting for Lizzie to bring

her into glory, they to make her their slave. A light shone down on us in a ring just large enough to cover us, if we kept together. If any of us got outside of the light the enemy would seize us, and it was a hard matter to get back again in the light. The enemy could not touch us while we were in the light.

"One of my brothers got all out of it, except his feet, and immediately every part of his body was covered with their red hands, and it was a long time before he got back in the light. Another light, seeming to come out of the first one, rested on Lizzie's head, in which a dove flew towards her.

"The battle lasted some time. There was no one killed, and there did not seem to be any weapons used on either side. The enemy gave one last, hard struggle, then ran away. They seemed to disappear over a slope near us. Two still stayed and lay down on the slope as if to hide and still watch.

"I awoke, and the interpretation came almost immediately. The enemies were Satan and his followers; the light was faith; and as long as we stayed in the faith we were safe, but as soon as we let doubt enter our minds the enemy would have power over us.

"I seemed to be carried away again to the battle-field, and an angel stood beside me. He stood about two feet from the ground, and was dressed in a white robe, which seemed to be one piece of cloth, and was fastened on the right shoulder, and tied with a bow of white cloth. His head, neck, hands, and feet were bare; his hair was long, and had a tint of gold in it, that made it beautiful; he was surrounded by a bright fire, though there was no blaze or smoke; he looked like pictures I had seen of Joseph Smith, but seemed to be Lizzie's guardian angel. He said, 'This

battle you have seen is like unto the battle of Bull Run, which was one of the hardest battles ever fought. This will be the hardest battle your family will ever have to fight with Satan. The dove in the light is the blessings of God that are to be showered upon Lizzie's head in the future. The Lord has been trying her faith, but she has now suffered long enough. She shall be healed, and become a mother in Zion. She is not to die, but shall have her endowments, and do work for the dead. Her name shall be honored in Zion, and inasmuch as she does right, the blessings of the Lord shall be with her. She must not lament her past sufferings, but rejoice in having overcome them so well, and greater will be her blessings hereafter. She is not to do much novel reading, or the Lord will cause her eyes to become weak again as a warning. Her wrists will be made strong, and she will never be afflicted in this way again. She has a great work to perform.

"You must hold the 10th day of July (the day the healing took place) as a fast day every year, to show your gratitude to God for His blessings. You must give Him all the glory, for if you take any glory to yourselves the Lord will surely punish you. It shall be a day of rejoicing to others as well as yourselves. Lizzie must bear testimony to God's goodness."

"When I came to myself, I thought all this over, and then I was carried away again in the spirit.

"This time another scene presented itself. It seemed to be about four or five o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of July; (I could not tell the time exactly, but I remember having seen the position of the sun, and that was as near the time as I could tell). I saw Pa and

George come home from the canyon. I ran out and asked Pa if a Deacon had authority to rebuke disease. His answer was, 'Yes.' I immediately ran in the house. When I reached the kitchen, Satan took hold of me and shook me, and I could not move for some seconds. I then went into Lizzie's bedroom. She lay on the bed apparently asleep. I took her by the hand and said, 'Lizzie Horne, I command you, in the name of Jesus Christ, to rise up and be made whole! Your wrists are to be made strong; your eyes to be made strong also!' She arose and went to work and washed dishes that night. At a meeting she testified that God had healed her. I also saw her put her hand between her eyes and the light, after she was healed, for she could not realize that her eyes were well. I saw her play the organ for the singing at the meeting-house; I also saw her play the organ at some party.

"I awoke, and thanked God for what He had shown me. I never was happier in my life than I was that morning. I thanked the Lord a thousand times for the great blessings He had showered upon us as a family."

I now wish to bear testimony to the literal fulfillment of this remarkable vision, and all my family join me.

Wednesday, the 10th of July, 1895, was very cloudy and stormy, and my son Artie was quite concerned, as he saw me return from the canyon in bright sunlight; but he did not lose faith in the healing. Towards noon the clouds broke away and the storm ceased. I returned just as he had seen me do. His first question to me as soon as I stepped into our kitchen was, "Pa, has a Deacon authority to rebuke disease?" My answer was, "Yes, if he is administering to the sick."

This was not according exactly with the

answer I had given him in his vision, so he went to his sleeping room and prayed to the Lord. He then went to my daughter's bedroom, where Lizzie was lying on the bed, and taking her by the right hand commanded her to arise and be made whole. This he did in the name of Jesus Christ, and she immediately arose, and in an hour was assisting about the housework. She now stands a living monument of God's divine power and blessings, and we as a family give glory and honor and power unto His great and holy name.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Richard S. Horne.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

Do we realize how blessed we are? Do we stop to ponder a moment by the silver stream and note the unconcerned merriment bubbling forth and moving on in mirthful glee?

We are planned and moulded with functions that each grand scene, that every beautiful object may be brought with pleasurable effect to our senses. We are also so organized that scenes of opposite effect may be as strongly brought to bear upon our faculties of conception.

Here we see the huge pine, waving its lofty branches in peaceful tranquility, never faltering in its duty nor halting to vie with other of Nature's possessions, but waving on, hindering nothing, happy, as it were, in the pursuit of what it was destined to do; there we note the heavenly mountain songsters, joyfully caroling sweet welcome to coming day, or pleasantly singing a "good-night" to echoing songsters.

Are we so blind to beauty that these do not break the dull monotony of sorrow? Are we so deaf to music that

these do not touch a joyful chord of our wounded heart-strings? We may sit at the window and watch the lovely flakes wind slowly to earth, and call it beauty, sublime loveliness. We may turn our attention inward and see the cheerful firelight, and be happy at the thought of comfort and beauty. Does the poorest person need to lack for pictures? Note the grandeur of the sky at sunset, the grand color, the perfect sign of patterns planned and executed by the great Artist, the Master Painter.

Who has not seen many times a silver moon rise o'er the distant hill, and cast its rays afar until they strike in mellow harmony with the reflection in yonder serene lake?

Who has not seen the pretty flowers and moss and overhanging verdure, bending to the water's brink to regard the reflected perfection of beauty?

All is handsome in nature; the hill-side grove, the crystal rill, the majestic mountain with its peaks and hollows of divine architecture, the perfect tints of color in the feathers of sweet birds, the young of animals on the slopes and in the quiet shade and water; these with countless other pleasing objects, make up the one grand landscape of nature, the masterpiece of God.

Lester Marvin.

A YOUNG doctor, wishing to make an impression upon a German farmer, mentioned the fact that he had received a double education, as it were. He had studied homeopathy and was also a graduate of a "regular" medical school.

"Oh, dot was noding," said the farmer. "I had vonce a calf vot sucked two cows, and he made noding but a common schteer, after all."

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOV. 1, 1895.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

AN ULTIMATUM.

UR readers who are in the habit of looking at the newspapers have heard a great deal lately about that particular class of diplomatic correspondence called an ultimatum. So large a number of these communications has passed between the various governments of Europe within the last few weeks as to give to the subject an unusual importance; and it is probable that there is a desire with many of our readers to know what an ultimatum really is. It is well understood that affairs in which two different governments are interested are discussed in notes and messages conveyed by the foreign minister of one to the chief minister or the ruler of the other government. Sometimes this correspondence is very protracted, running through weeks and months of weary argument and profuse writing; the aim of one minister generally being to outwit and gain some advantage over the other. Finally, if the matter in dispute is of importance, and especially where it is of such a character as to constitute an appeal to arms, an ultimatum is sent. This, as the term implies, is in the nature of a peremptory demand, and a last statement of the case; it means that unless the terms specified are not immediately or on a certain date complied with, the nation sending it will cease further friendly endeavors and

may resort to arms for the enforcement of its claims. As a general thing an ultimatum produces one of two results: the demands of the complaining nation are satisfied, or a display of force with possibly a declaration of war follows. The nation which is the less prepared for a fight, recognizes when an ultimatum from the stronger neighbor is received that the time for arguing over trifles and for delays and quibbles and attempts at shrewd word-twisting is passed; and that the day for action either in the form of surrender or war has come.

The nation which has been particularly busy in its sending of ultimatums lately is England. That powerful empire rarely needs to do more than make a threat—the countries with which it has controversies of this sort generally come to terms as quickly as they know how. As the newspapers put it, the British lion only has to utter a growl and show his teeth—most of the other animals immediately begin to shake and tremble. But it appears likely that in his present energy in this line of growling, the British lion has rather overdone himself; and statesmen of the empire are beginning to wonder whether if the matter should really come to blows the various threats uttered could be made good. It is discovered that among the many nations whom England has offended she has very few warm friends, while her interference in the affairs of others in which she has no personal concern has created quite a feeling of enmity against her.

All this is brought plainly to attention by recent disturbances in what is called the East. The Turkish question is before the world in an aspect more significant and menacing than for many years past. Russia is playing a bold

game also, being much encouraged by Japanese friendship on the Pacific coast. There is throughout the whole of the Old World a feeling of unrest and a fear of approaching trouble. Those who read in holy writ of wars and rumors of wars find abundant cause in recent developments and complications for the belief that some of the troubles foretold cannot be much longer postponed.

THE LITERARY MERITS OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

OBJECTORS to the Book of Mormon criticise and ridicule the style of language used in that most valuable and sacred volume. Some even attempt to prove that the work is not divine because of its peculiar literary style. To reject the book for such trivial reasons is childish indeed, and is an evidence of extreme ignorance and narrowness of intellect and soul.

The reason the literary character of the Bible conforms so nearly to the orthodox conception of what it should be, is because it is from the Bible mankind have obtained their ideas of literature, of language, of poetry, as well as of a great many other things. Shakespeare is sometimes called the father of English literature, because his style of language is so widely used by English speaking people. Shakespeare, however, is entitled to no credit for introducing any new form of expression in written language. He has merely adopted the style of language used in the Bible. This can be readily discovered by reading his works, which abound with almost innumerable quotations from the Jewish scriptures; and many of the oft-quoted expressions commonly attributed to the great poet of the sixteenth century

are taken from the Bible, slightly modified in some instances.

It is really surprising how much of our literature is made up of scripture quotations, and how frequently they enter our every-day conversation. No writers are free from using them: not even those who profess to disbelieve the Bible, and who scoff at its teachings. It is said of Daniel Webster, the eminent American orator, that the reason why his pleadings were so effective was because he was so well posted on the Bible, and could so aptly apply quotations from it in his arguments.

When we consider that the Bible forms the basis of our modern form of writing and speaking, we can easily understand why it so harmonizes with our methods of expression. As the writers of the Book of Mormon were a people entirely separate from those who wrote the Bible, and having no communication with other people than themselves for a thousand years, we might naturally expect to find some difference in their modes of expressing thought. And the fact that this difference is so marked and noticeable, goes to show that the Book of Mormon is not the work of an imposter, as it would be extremely difficult for an imposter to originate such a peculiar style of writing.

But the present intention is to show that the Book of Mormon possesses literary merits superior in some respects to those of almost all other writings extant. The Bible, it will be admitted, is more poetical, and abounds with many lofty and beautiful passages. Yet if the object of language is to reveal, and not to conceal one's ideas, the Book of Mormon has merits peculiar to itself. The literary beauties of this work are in its simplicity, and the plainness of its utterances. In it there is no

attempt at embellishment of diction, no flight of poetic thought (except in quotations from the Jewish scriptures); no trifling with language nor play upon words. It tells a plain, straightforward story, that carries with it the conviction that its writers were earnest and sincere. Were it otherwise it might perhaps be more deserving of criticism, for the very character of the record demands that it be written in the style in which we find it. The fact that the Book of Mormon is written in such plain, commonplace sentences, is a very strong proof that it is of divine inspiration. The object of the record is to teach principles of religion and historical truths, and the strongest and most effective method of presenting these facts is by clothing them in the simplest language. The plainer the language, the bolder the truths stand out. While any attempt at embellishment only tends to cover up the meaning or to draw the attention of the reader away from the teachings to the manner or style used in presenting them. At the same time such efforts at ornamentation suggest the idea that the writer is trifling with language and sacred truths, and is more desirous of displaying his own literary ability than of teaching the truths of religion or history.

In speaking of the plainness of the Book of Mormon, it is not the intention to infer that the Bible possesses no such merits—that it is not equally plain, for there are parts of the Bible which are simple and easy to understand, but there are others which are ambiguous, and the meaning is obscure; and for this reason the Book of Mormon as a whole is superior to it. The difference between the two books is especially noticeable in the prophecies which they contain. To show this a comparison

between the prophecies of the Old Testament, and those of the Book of Mormon will serve as an illustration. 'Here are two predictions concerning the coming of the Savior: one from Isaiah and one from Nephi.

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servants justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.—*Isaiah, chapter liii.*

And it came to pass that I looked and beheld the great city of Jerusalem, and also other cities. And I beheld the city of Nazareth; and in the city of Nazareth I beheld a virgin, and she was exceedingly fair and white.

And it came to pass that I saw the heavens open; and an angel came down and stood before me; and he said unto me, Nephi, what beholdest thou?

And I said unto him, a virgin, most beautiful and fair above all other virgins.

And he said unto me, Knowest thou the condescension of God?

And I said unto him, I know that he loveth his children; nevertheless, I do not know the meaning of all things.

And he said unto me, Behold the virgin whom thou seest, is the mother of the Son of God, after the manner of the flesh.

And it came to pass that I beheld that she was carried away in the Spirit; and after she had been carried away in the Spirit for the space of a time, the angel spake unto me, saying, Look!

And I looked and beheld the virgin again, bearing a child in her arms.

And the angel said unto me, Behold the Lamb of God, yea, even the Son of the Eternal Father! Knowest thou the meaning of the tree which thy father saw?

And I answered him saying, Yea, it is the love of God, which sheddeth itself abroad in the hearts of the children of men; wherefore, it is the most desirable above all things.

And he spake unto me saying, Yea, and the most joyous to the soul.

And after he had said these words, he said unto me, Look! and I looked, and I beheld the Son of God going forth among the children of men; and I saw many fall down at his feet and worship him.

And it came to pass that I beheld that the rod of iron which my father had seen, was the word of God, which led to the fountain of living waters, or to the tree of life; which waters are a representation of the love of God; and they also beheld that the tree of life was a representation of the love of God.

And the angel said unto me again, Look and behold the condescension of God!

And I looked and beheld the Redeemer of the world, of whom my father had spoken; and I also beheld the prophet, who should prepare the way before him. And the Lamb of God went forth and was baptized of him; and after he was baptized, I beheld the heavens open, and the Holy Ghost come down out of heaven and abode upon him in the form of a dove.

And I beheld that he went forth ministering unto the people, in power and great glory; and the multitudes were gathered together to hear him; and I beheld that they cast him out from among them.

And I also beheld twelve others following him. And it came to pass that they were carried away in the Spirit, from before my face, and I saw them not.

And it came to pass that the angel spake unto me again, saying, Look! And I looked, and I beheld the heavens open again, and I saw angels descending upon the children of men; and they did minister unto them.

And he spake unto me again, saying, Look! And I looked, and I beheld the Lamb of God going forth among the children of men. And I beheld multitudes of people who were sick, and who were afflicted with all manner of diseases, and with devils and unclean spirits; and the angel spake and showed all these things unto me. And they were healed by the power of the Lamb of God; and the devils and the unclean spirits were cast out.

And it came to pass that the angel spake unto me again, saying, Look! And I looked and beheld the Lamb of God, that he was taken by the people; yea, the Son of the everlasting God was judged of the world; and I saw and bear record.

And I, Nephi, saw that he was lifted up upon the cross, and slain for the sins of the world.—*1. Nephi, chapter, c.*

In the above quoted prophecy from the Bible we are left to conjecture as to who is referred to by the prophet, but being acquainted with the account of the Savior's ministry among the Jews, we are led to the conclusion that He is the one referred to, as being "wounded for our transgressions," and "bruised for our iniquities;" but as to the manner in which he would be put to death, nothing definite is stated, nor is anything mentioned respecting His labors among His people previous to His crucifixion. Of course allowance must be given for the fact that Isaiah's writings as contained in our Bible are translations of Hebrew poetry, for it appears that Isaiah was a poet as well as a prophet, and it is not possible for a person to express his exact meaning in verse as can be done in prose.

The description given by Nephi of the vision he received concerning the coming of the Savior leaves nothing to conjecture. It cannot be mistaken or misunderstood, for a complete outline of the Savior's career upon the earth in mortality is given in the plainest of language. If Nephi had lived contemporaneously with the Savior and witnessed His labors, he could not give in so few words a clearer sketch of His coming and mission.

Perhaps this one comparison is sufficient to show that the prophecies of the Book of Mormon are clothed in plainer language, and are therefore of more value, than those in the Bible. The doctrinal and historical matter contained in the former work is as a whole also plainer and easier to comprehend than that in the latter; for if the Bible teachings were given in such unmistakable terms as are those of the Book of Mormon, the Christian world would have less grounds, if any at all, for their differences in their interpretation.

By comparing the historical part of the Book of Mormon with other histories, we will find that its literature is not inferior in merit, if we are again willing to admit the proposition that the object of language should be to reveal and not to conceal one's ideas. The often repeated words prefacing statements in the Book of Mormon, "and it came to pass," are frequently pointed out by objectors as being bad form, and monotonous to say the least; yet if other historical writers made more use of such straightforward declarations their meaning would be better understood by the ordinary reader. The custom is too common with many of them to use so much circumlocution, or going around the direct point, that the reader is often left in doubt about some of the most important facts they intend to convey. An example again will illustrate this. Take these sentences from Macaulay's History of England (a work of high literary merit) where the writer is speaking of the contention between the royalists and the members of parliament in the time of Charles I.

"The houses had also been unfortunate in the choice of a general. The rank and wealth of the Earl of Essex made him one of the most important

members of the parliamentary party. He had borne arms on the continent with credit, and, when the war began, had as high a military reputation as any man in the country. But it soon appeared that he was unfit for the post of commander-in-chief."

We are to infer from these three sentences that the Earl of Essex was chosen as general by the parliamentary party; but the historian does not say so here, nor in any other part of his history. The reader is therefore left to some extent in uncertainty regarding this fact. Had the writer used the words, "And it came to pass that the Earl of Essex was chosen as general," etc., there could be no doubt left in the mind of the reader. The above quotation is not an exceptional one. Thousands of similar examples of this style of presenting facts of history occur in this and other noted writers' works. Now I do not condemn this style of writing, but merely insist that the style of the Book of Mormon is superior to it for the purpose of writing history; for while it may be necessary to use all the resources at hand for beautifying language to make fiction attractive, historical, prophetic and doctrinal truths, as well as scientific facts do not necessarily require anything but the plainest statements to make them presentable. The plainer the terms used, the better for the masses of the people. But if one chooses to write for the cultured only of course he is at liberty to adopt the style that he thinks most proper. As the Book of Mormon is intended for all classes of people, the literary style in which it is written is the very best that could be employed. It does not require ornamentation to command admiration: the ocean excites our wonder by its vast expanse, the mountains

inspire us with awe by their massiveness, so, too, the Book of Mormon shows its beauties in the simplicity of its language, and the plainness of its teachings.

E. F. Parry.

AN UNLOOKED FOR ENDING.

It would be a grand joke. Of that, Seth Digby and his friend, Dick Harper, were quite sure, and they were busy preparing for it. They were stuffing a scarecrow, which they had dressed in some of little Robbie Digby's old clothes, and which they were trying to make look as much like Robbie as possible. They were doing this out of sight in the shrubbery at the bottom of Mr. Digby's garden and close by the fish pond.

On a flower-bed, not far distant, Gregory, the gardener, was digging; it was upon him that the grand joke was to be played off. Yet they did not fear that he would overhear their talk and laughter concerning their work, for poor old Gregory was very deaf.

Seth, who often played tricks on the old man, was no favorite with him. Robbie was his favorite; and the proposed joke was to throw the dummy into the water, and to make the old man believe that his little friend was drowning.

The finishing touches were given to the figure, and it was quickly carried to the water's edge. The boys had intended to throw it some distance from the bank, and face downwards; also, that its real nature might be less easily seen, they wished it partially to sink. But it happened to fall face uppermost, and lay floating quite on the surface.

As it was, it could deceive no one for an instant. Seth fetched a long stick,

with which he tried to turn it; but the figure, as it became soaked, grew heavy. He tried in vain, and all he did was to push it farther and farther from the bank till at last he could scarcely reach it.

However, he made one final effort, standing at the very outside brink. Alas, as he did so, the turf gave way, and, with a cry and a great splash, down went Seth into the water.

Just at its margin the pond was not deep; but it had a shelving bottom of slippery clay, and the more Seth struggled to reach the bank the farther did he slide away. Dick saw that he could do nothing to help him, and ran to fetch Gregory.

The old gardener was quietly going on with his digging. Though so near, he had heard nothing, and so deaf was he that even now it was hard to make him understand—it was more by signs than words that Dick did so at last. But when once he knew what was the matter, he threw down his spade and hurried toward the pond as fast as his old legs would carry him.

As he came near it he took in, or believed himself to take in, the whole situation at a glance. He saw Seth struggling in the water, and still farther from the bank, a second drowning boy. Of course, little Robbie had fallen in, and his brother, while trying to save him, had got beyond his depth, also. To Gregory this was perfectly plain.

Without a moment's pause, in he jumped, and seized Seth, who by this time was quite exhausted. But even Gregory found it hard to keep his footing on the slippery bottom, especially with the burden now in his arms. It was only after many perilous slips that he succeeded in laying the unconscious Seth safely on the grass.

Dick, in his concern for his friend, had forgotten all about the dummy, of which now scarcely a rag remained above water, and he was quite taken by surprise when Gregory plunged into the water a second time and made toward it.

"Come back! come back!" shouted Dick. "It is nothing but a scarecrow."

But deaf Gregory, possessed with the idea of saving his master's son, and laboring hard to keep his foothold on the treacherous bottom, heard or understood nothing of what he said.

Again and again Dick screamed to him, but it was of no use—he might as well have shouted at a church tower.

Indeed, at every moment the chances of being heard grew smaller. Poor old Gregory, who had once or twice slipped and gone completely under water, was now so much dazed and so tired out as to be himself in no small danger. Yet still he held firmly to his purpose, and struggled on toward the sinking figure. Brave old Gregory!

Dick now ran to seek further help, and it was not long before he returned with two men. When these appeared, the old man had reached and seized the figure, and was making desperate efforts to bring it to land; but he was now so benumbed and bewildered, besides being encumbered with his heavy, dripping bundle of clothes and straw, that his efforts were in vain. Lose hold of what he still firmly believed to be his master's son he would not; and he had slipped and fallen in the water for what would probably have been the last time, when his rescuers dragged him out, still clutching the precious burden with what little strength remained to him. They had some trouble to disentangle it from his arms.

"I meant to fetch him out," he

gasped, "and I stuck to him, and here he is."

And then the old man closed his eyes and became unconscious.

Both he and Seth were carried into Mr. Digby's house, and proper means were used to restore them. Seth, who was young and strong, was in a day or two none the worse for his ducking; but it was not so with good old Gregory. A severe illness followed his heroic effort, and it was two months before the old gardener was able to be out again.

And such was the end of the "grand joke."
W. F.

CESAR DUCORNET.

Young persons who read works of biography will have perused the account of Huber, a Swiss naturalist, who though blind had the ingenuity to discover the habits of bees, and to write a treatise on the subject. We are now about to mention a case even still more wonderful, which shows the solicitude of a gracious Providence to equalize His gifts, and also the wondrous resources which energy of purpose and love of industry place at man's disposal.

In the early part of the present century, a poor child was born at Lille without arms. His name was Cesar Ducornet. Apparently frowned upon by fortune, as well as by Nature, poverty and deformity seemed alike to condemn him to drag out a wretched and cheerless existence, with scarcely any other alternative, than being shut up in a hospital, or leading the vagrant life of those mendicants who infest the streets, displaying the disgusting spectacle of their infirmities and diseases, in the hope of exciting the compassion of the passers-by. Contrary, however, to all expectation, the ingenuity of industry

opened up a far different prospect for the young Cesar Ducornet.

People in general are fully persuaded that a man without arms is incapable of any labor; and perhaps it is precisely the idle and the indolent among them—those who make the least use of the two lusty and vigorous arms which they have been given, whom it would be most difficult to convince that those generally docile executors of our will are not wholly and absolutely indispensable to any exercise of industry. Cesar Ducornet is a striking proof that the sad deprivation is remediable to a certain degree. He thought of substituting his legs and feet for the arms which Providence had denied him. He knew that several persons, by continued practice, had at last succeeded in managing a pen with their toes almost as dexterously as with the fingers.

Ducornet aspired to attain the same power with the pencil as applied to the art of drawing; and his very first efforts were crowned with success. Not only were his productions admitted into the exhibition of drawings at Lille in 1818, but the judges who were to pronounce upon the merits of the different candidates, made honorable mention of Ducornet. Six years later (1824) our interesting artist, in an examination for admission into the Royal Academy of Paris, obtained the second place out of two hundred and twenty-five candidates. Louis XVIII., pitying so great a misfortune, and astonished by such talent under such circumstances, granted a pension to the young Ducornet, which enabled him to continue studies undertaken so boldly in defiance of every obstacle, and pursued with such admirable perseverance.

Cesar Ducornet now ranks with the most approved French draughtsmen,

and the productions of his pencil are sought for, with a two-fold interest in their power, as works of art, and in the personal misfortune of the artist.

D. Kinnear.

A POETRY MACHINE.

For Recitation.

(THE speaker presents on a stand before him a family coffee mill and begins thus:)

Ladies and gentlemen: Believing you are interested in modern progress and the discoveries of the age, I propose to present and describe to you one of the most wonderful inventions of the times. The apparatus I have before me is what I have named the "Poetry Machine." You will see by its appearance that it resembles in size and shape an ordinary coffee mill. But you are not acquainted with the wonderful mechanism within; and as I have not yet received a patent for it I shall not describe it fully to you for fear you might infringe on my rights in regard to getting it patented. But for your entertainment and enlightenment I shall make a public demonstration of its marvelous powers. Although the machine within this case is very intricate, it is very easily operated. All that is necessary to manufacture a poem is to insert a sheet of paper and then turn the crank a few times around. I will proceed to give you a practical illustration of how it works. (Inserts sheet of paper and grinds it up. Within the receiving box are several sheets of paper with poems written on, arranged in order so that the operator knows which one he will pick up before he draws it out. Takes out sheet of paper and reads as follows:)

ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS.

Don't think that forming lines to rhyme
 With some sort of a jingling chime
 Is writing poetry sublime,
 And you are born to fame,
 When goodness knows
 You can't compose
 The simplest prose
 That's worthy of the name.

Think not when writing you commence,
 That truth, and argume .t, and sense
 Are of but little consequence,
 And rhyme alone's required;
 If you're not blind,
 You soon will find,
 That all such kind,
 Of poets should be "fired."

Take this for what its worth may be
 As good advice, not poetree
 Though its in rhyme, as you may see,
 'Tis but a doggerel duty.
 Folks soon will know it
 If you're a poet—
 Your lines will show it
 By being bright and witty.

Now that is pretty good advice to poet-suckers but I can give them still better. I would advise them not to make any more attempts at grinding out rhymes until they purchase one of these machines. I tell you machine-made poetry is far superior to the hand-made product. For your further benefit I shall produce another poem. (Grinds another piece of paper and takes out the following from the drawer:)

The sun climbed up over the hill
 And cast its burning rays deep in the sea,
 And a whale jumped up in a dudge of a sweat and said,
 "Golly, how hot it is getting to be!"

That poem seems to be a little disjointed in the metre. The machine must have slipped a cog that time. I notice the set screws (calling attention to the thumb screws on the coffee mill) are quite loose. They were loosened purposely to make long metre verse, but they got a little too loose that time. You must excuse also the slang terms in that verse just produced. That was to give an illustration of "poets' license." You know it is said that poets' license is an allowance to a poet to get off things in rhyme that would

condemn him to the lunatic asylum if expressed in a public speech. (Tightens up the screws.) Now I will just produce a sample of short-metre verse by merely tightening these screws. You will perceive that this machine is adapted to produce any variety of poetry by adjusting these thumb screws. (Grinds another sheet of paper and takes out following:)

A fat
 Buck-rat
 Lived in
 A bin--

I see it has chopped the lines off short enough this time. I'll read it all, however.

A fat	Once ran,
Buck-rat	Did slap
Lived in	A trap
A bin:	Right in
Tom cat	That bin,
Saw that	For that
Big fat	'Ere rat
Buck rat;	Stole corn
"Ah me!"	Each morn.
Said he,	When that
"I'll store	Tom cat
His gore	Crawled in
Within	That bin
My skin!"	For that
But that	Buck rat
Tom cat	The trap
Could not	Did snap
Him spot,	On that
He whined	'Ere cat.
And pined	He died
For that	Inside
Buck rat,	That trap!
And gr w	Sad hap!
Thin too	And that
One day	Buck-rat
That way	Stole corn
A man	Next morn.

Some may think there is some deception in the making of these poems, but to satisfy any doubts in that regard I will just grind out something of a local nature; that will prove beyond the possibility of a doubt that these poems are made on the spot.

There is a poet who lives near by,
 That he is gifted none will deny,
 For he has gained much local fame--
 I need not mention here his name.
 He writes poetry sublime I ween,
 But he can't begin to rival this machine.

Zip.

FIGHTING A "GRIZZLY."

"WHY, I must be late this morning, for there goes that young Seth to practice for the shooting match," said Bob Leigh, hurriedly slinging his rifle across his shoulder.

"I wish you were a bit more like Seth, and took to your books," Bob's mother answered him. "See there! if the boy isn't reading one as he walks along."

"The young softy," replied Bob. "He's more fit to be a schoolmaster than a trapper."

With that he swung himself out of the house, and down the snow-covered track through the forest.

Bob Leigh was a big overgrown lad of fifteen, who had a reputation amongst the boys of the little settlement of "Clive's Gulch" for being something of a bully. He was a good marksman, and generally at the yearly shooting matches had it all his own way, though of late little Seth Strickland had developed a wonderful knack of hitting the mark, and Bob was not best pleased to think there was a rival in the field.

Seth was not yet fourteen, and small. As Mrs. Leigh had said, he was fond of his books, and though there were few indeed that found their way from civilization to this distant western settlement, yet Seth devoured them all, and on this particular morning with his gun under his arm, he trudged along towards the shooting ground, lost to everything else in reading the stirring adventures that befell King Bruce of Scotland.

Suddenly without warning, the precious volume was sent flying out of his hands high into the air, the pages scattering far and wide in every direction.

"There, young schoolmaster, how do you like that?" asked Bob, laughing

spitefully, as Seth faced round upon him with crimson cheeks.

"You're a bully," gasped the boy angrily.

"Ah! you think you're mighty smart, with your book-learning humbug," sneered the other. "A fine sort of trapper you'll make! There's for your old book;" and with a kick at the offending volume lying half buried in the snow Bob took to his heels and was off like an antelope.

"I'll be even with you one of these days," called Seth after him, little thinking how near that day was to be.

"Well, my lad, so you've got the worst of it, have you?" said a gruff, kindly voice at his elbow.

"Oh, father, wasn't it a shame!" exclaimed Seth, ready to cry with vexation as he picked up the scattered pages.

"Yes, but let him bide, boy," said the big trapper whom Seth called father. "Don't go and trouble yourself about the likes of him. Why, bless me, Sethy," he continued, "yer face is as red as a sunset."

"I'll be even with him, dad," exclaimed the boy angrily.

"Tush, lad, that's enough of such talk," said the trapper. "See here, I've come to fetch you for a day's sport along with Bill and Joe and me. And I'd not be surprised if you had a chance of letting daylight into a grizzly bear if you hurry up."

"Oh, father!" cried the boy excitedly.

"Yes, that's so. Here, load your gun with bullets instead of shot and come along."

So away tramped the big lithe hunter, with the small image of himself at his heels, and no trace of anger was left on Seth's face by the time the two other men joined them, and they set off in quest of "Grizzly." But all the morn-

ing long they searched without success, till hunger warned them it was time to get a meal.

"See here, lad," said Seth's father. "get together a few sticks and fir-cones for a fire, and warm us up a drop of coffee. Joe and Bill will go along with me into yonder gulch to see if we can light on Bruin's footsteps, while you are making things comfortable for a bite." So Seth set to work and soon had a fire blazing, and the coffee in its tin can simmering pleasantly amongst the embers.

He was sitting on the ground, endeavoring to put in place the tattered leaves of his book, and wondering how much longer the men would be absent, when a sound caught his ear and made him pause in his occupation and listen intently. Yes, there it came again. It was a cry of pain and the word "Help!" The boy was on his feet in an instant. "Help!"

Again over the frozen snow came the cry, not from the gulch where his father was, but from the opposite direction. Somebody was in danger. Seizing his gun, in another instant Seth was racing along towards the clump of stunted pines whence the sound proceeded.

As he drew near he perceived that the snow was much marked with the footprints of a bear, and his heart beat high at the thought that any moment now he might come face to face with a grizzly.

Presently he came to a spot at the foot of a great fir where the snow was stained with blood, and booted footmarks were mingled with those of the forest monster. A muffled cry caught his ear at the same instant, and in another instant, and before he could realize his position he was standing within short shooting distance of a

huge, shaggy brown bear, standing over the body of a fallen man. The animal having evidently gained the better of his foe was in no humor for interference, and catching the sight of a fresh enemy, gave a deep warning growl.

But little Seth stood his ground, and noticing that the fallen trapper moved an arm, showing that he still lived, he determined to save him if possible.

Holding his gun cautiously, the boy approached nearer the great animal, fearing to miss by attempting a longer shot. Nearer, nearer—he raised his weapon to fire, when to his horror the enormous creature reared itself upon its hind legs, and, with one great paw still grasping the unconscious hunter, came rapidly towards him.

As the bear advanced the head of the wounded man dropped backwards, and to Seth's immense surprise he saw that the person in this terrible position was no other than Bob.

It was a critical moment. With a roar the grizzly came on. Seth felt the supreme instant had arrived; he took a steady aim and sent a charge straight into the red open jaws of the advancing beast, springing on one side as he did so, to avoid the great brown carcass which came tumbling forward and lay still before the smoke cleared. He had hardly realized his danger when he saw his father, with Bill and Joe, standing beside him, and heard them exclaim, "Well done, young 'un!" so that he knew the bear must be dead.

Then they looked to poor Bob, giving him such rough kindness as they were able, and it was a relief to all when presently he opened his eyes. As two of the men were carrying him back to the settlement he held out his hand to Seth and feebly said:

"You *are* even with me, Strickland, for I guess you've saved my life."

For long, long weeks Bob Leigh lay in his bed very, very ill, and during that time Seth was constantly about the house giving a helping hand with the invalid, who gradually recovered. As he grew better there was nothing he enjoyed more than to hear his friend reading aloud something out of the despised books.

"They did tell you a thing or two, and no mistake," he had to confess.

As he grew stronger he was able to explain how he had wandered into the forest after some deer, and had suddenly come across the bear instead. His gun being only loaded with shot, he could make no defense, although he knew he had wounded it somewhere, for the blood showed upon the snow. Suddenly it had sprung upon him, and just as he caught sight of his deliverer he fainted, and knew no more.

But you will be glad to know he quite recovered, and every one soon found he was mended in other ways besides, for he was never called a bully again.

"I tell you, father," said Seth, as the pair walked home together the day of the adventure, "I tell you that I really did feel a good deal afraid when the bear made towards me; I felt as if my legs would have run away with me, whether I wished it or not."

"I know, Sethy—I reckon I know," replied the trapper with a smile, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder; "but they didn't, lad, that's the point. I'm proud of you, Sethy; and you bear this in mind, my lad—it ain't what you *feel*, but jist what you *do* as counts."

SAMSON brought down the house, but nobody called for an encore.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

THERE is a curious custom yet preserved at Southampton, England, on November 9 of each year. A delegation calls upon the mayor with a gravely-worded certificate that no vessels of Genoa and Venice have reached the port, and then follows this doggerel, full of breezy suggestiveness, which tells of the old town's past :

For it's yo-heave-ho,
With a rúm below,
And the merchants pace the shore ;
But the Genoese carracks and galleys of Venice
Surge in from the sea no more, no more—
Sweep in from the sea no more.
And whiffs of spice
From the paradise
Where the nutmeg and cinnamon grow
No more float down
On the dull sea town
To the music of yo-heave ho !

And then the refrain :

For it's yo-heave-ho,
With a rum below,
And the merchants pace the shore, etc.

This same ceremonial has been religiously observed for centuries. In fact, it is hard to fix its birth. Some believe that it was originally a rough song of praise officially expressed over the good riddance when the Genoese pirates sailed away, stuffed with booty and wine, five centuries back. Others believe that it was an official wail over the town's decline as a shipping mart during one or other of the heavy blows which fortune has dealt it.

NEXT to vanity, finding fault with others is the most common impulse of the heart.

It is a very common thing to make a blunder, but it is a very uncommon thing to own it.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

Items From Grandpa's Log-Book.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 646).

"STOPPING at Callao in Peru, we take in some hogsheads of fresh water to take to the Chincha Islands. Every ship going there to load with guano has to take so much fresh water for the Chinese and Peruvians who work on the islands. These islands are solid rock. The north island, being the largest of the three, measures five miles round it. The guano on the islands gradually increases from eight inches to one hundred and fifty feet in height. It is run down big canvas spouts into boats, with which it is conveyed to the ship. Small ships load entirely with their boats, while large ships haul in close to the shore and load directly from these spouts. Every ship whose cargo is from nine hundred to three thousand tons has to wait its turn to go under this spout. We were supposed to wait ninety days for our turn. When I was there there were three hundred ships at the north island waiting for cargoes, both American and English, carrying from three hundred to three thousand tons. Fresh provisions, such as sweet potatoes, beef, mutton, green corn, etc., were brought every day from the mainland, which was twelve miles away, by a little sloop.

"We managed to save ten days of our time by loading with boats, so we left ten days sooner than we expected to. The guano is a fine dust of a dark-brown color, and it has a very strong smell, making men unused to it bleed at the mouth and nose when working in it.

To prevent this we picked tarred rope to pieces and tied a bunch of it over our mouths and noses. There are millions of birds of all kinds, both large and small, around these islands. The guano is said to be the deposit of birds. There is not a spear of grass, shrub, or anything else growing on the island. The waters around it are abundantly supplied with fish. There are a great many sea lions there. I saw them on the rocks sunning themselves. I suppose some of them would measure from five to six feet in length. I saw them on the surface of the water, and I also saw them dive, to rise a little farther on, with large fishes in their mouths.

"We have one thousand and one hundred tons of guano on board, and again start for Callao, where we have to get our clearance papers, having to get these papers before we are allowed to proceed to sea on our way home.

"We arrived off Cape Horn on Christmas day, in the morning, that being midsummer day, yet it was very cold. We had to wear our heavy winter clothing, and men would stand at the wheel with two pairs of mittens on. We double the Cape, and were going at the rate of five miles an hour, with a heavy sea rolling, when a big wave suddenly struck us, throwing tons upon tons of water upon our deck. This stopped the ship as suddenly as if she had struck a rock, and caused her to tremble like a living being. The wave broke our water and harness casks adrift, also starting some of our standings or posts around the main mast. Soon everything was secured and in order, and all going well again.

"The ship next springs a leak, which caused us thirty minutes' work at the pumps every two hours, both day and night. This lasted for some length of

time, when trying the pumps we could get no water out. The boxes were taken out of the pump and a sounding rod with a line was let down into the well. When the rod is taken up it shows that the ship has no more water than she naturally would carry. Again the boxes were replaced and we tried the pumps, but we got no more water from them than we put in. A consultation was held by the captain and his mate, which results in the coating being taken from the pump and the pump itself is lifted out of place. I was lowered down into the well to see if all was right down there. I gave the signal for them to help me up, and reported everything all right. The pump was then replaced, but there was no necessity of pumping afterwards, as the leak had stopped.

"It was common talk among the sailors that when we sailed into the English Channel, being in winter time, the storms and heavy seas that we'd have to contend with would cause sea, and had never before heard of such a thing as a leak being stopped in a ship at sea without any human agency.

"'Well,' replied the carpenter, 'I have been twenty years at sea as a ship's carpenter, and I have neither seen nor heard of anything like it before, and to me it is quite a wonder and a mystery that I cannot account for.'

"Now the steward was a religious man, so he said, 'Who knows but that an angel was watching over us to keep us from danger of shipwreck?'

"'Well, yes,' replied the carpenter, 'who knows but it's an angel watching over the Mormon we've got on board?' When the steward immediately replied with all the bitterness of his soul, 'Oh, confound the Mormon!' only he used a sailor's rough phrase.

"All was going well when we arrived on the coast of England. Instead of rough head winds to meet we had a fair wind, with a heavy sea running after us. The ship was going at the rate of ten knots an hour, under two close reefed topsails and our fore-topmast staysails. This soon took us up the English Channel.

"When well into the river Thames all sails are stowed away and the ship stripped of lots of her sea gear. The rope is handed to a tug-boat and we are towed up the river to the East India Docks. We now bid good-by to the *Naomi*."

Millie Babcock. Age 13.

SPANISH FORK, UTAH.

THE DRUNKARD'S DOG.

POLICEMAN LOGAN, of New York, saw a man lying intoxicated on the pavement, and went toward him, meaning to wake him. As he drew near, however, he saw a brindle bulldog standing beside the sleeper, and as the policeman leaned forward to shake the man the dog growled and showed his teeth. Logan stepped back for fear of being bitten. The drunkard's name was Collins.

"Hey, there!" said Logan. Collins woke up.

"Tell your dog to let me arrest you."

Collins struggled to his feet, and said to the dog: "Come on, Bully, we're 'rested."

The dog "heeled" obediently, and the policeman took them to the Thirtieth street station-house. There was no reason why the pup should be locked up, but it was plain that he intended to stick to his drunken master as long as he could, and he was allowed to occupy the cell in which Collins spent the night.

The dog accompanied Collins when Logan took him down to Jefferson Market police court, and was close to him when Justice Hogan asked:

"Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Talk to him Bully," whispered Collins to the pup; and the pup jumped up on the bridge, where the justice could see him, sat up, held up his forepaws and whined.

Everybody in court was watching him.

"Are we sorry?" Collins asked him.

The pup whined loudly and more forlornly than before. He looked as if he would cry in another minute.

"Well, young man," said the justice, "I'll let you go this time on account of your dog. I don't think you deserve such faithfulness as he has shown. If I were a dog and had a drunken master, I would leave him. But I guess dogs are more faithful than men.

"Thank the judge, Bully," said Collins.

The dog stood up on his hind legs, gave one short, joyous yelp, and bounded out of the courtroom beside his master.

AN OSTRICH-NEST.

WE always think of birds' homes being the neatest, snuggest thing possible; but long-legged ostrich mothers live in countries where green trees and mosses and leaves are scarce, so they just scrape the hot, fine sand into a heap and lay their eggs—each as large as a baby's head—in the warm, dry bed, for the sun to keep snug. When an Arab picks up one he cooks it for dinner, and thinks it plenty for his family. It holds as much as twenty of our hen's eggs, and is very good eating.

From its short clumsy wings and funny tail are taken the pretty ostrich feathers people wear in their hats. The birds are hunted for these feathers; but it must be hard work, for ostriches can run faster than any race-horse.

RAT TALES.

RATS are clever animals, though I can't say I like them. It is not an unusual thing in the country to find them walking, or rather rolling off with a newly-laid egg. I have read that rats are kind to one another, and that when one grows old and blind the others will lead him about and feed him. If this is true, I am sorry, for his own sake, that Mr. Rat does so much mischief among the farmer's stores that he has to be driven away and destroyed, or there would be no corn left in the granaries, and no seed to sow.

AN UNFOUGHT BATTLE.

MANY years ago two boys at play differed about some trifling matter, and one of them challenged the other to fight. The challenge was accepted, and the heroes went into the field to settle the quarrel. Jackets and caps were thrown on the ground, and all was in readiness, but each appeared unwilling to strike the first blow.

"Now, then, strike me if you dare!" said the younger boy, with a fierce countenance.

His companion looked at him, but did not like to strike him. At length he said: "Nay, I have nothing to strike you for."

"Well, then," said the other, who had provoked the quarrel at first, "let us be good friends again, for I have nothing to strike you for either."

They dressed and left the field without striking a blow, and never quarrelled after. On of them now holds a very respectable position as a teacher of youth. How few battles would be fought, either among young or old, if, in imitation of these boys, the disputants would try to find a reason for a quarrel before they strike a blow.

A GAME AT LETTERS.

HERE are two little people having a game at letters. Do you know it? If not, learn it of them; it is fun, for all can play at it?

"If you please, ma'am, have you a fruit with two 'r's' in its name?"

"Oh, yes, master—plenty of berries at my shop."

Have you any fish with a 'g' in its name?"

"Yes, sturgeon and gurnard."

"Any other fish with 'w' in it?"

Polly thinks just for a moment, but as she must answer before Fred can count ten, she calls out, hurriedly, "Winkles, whales."

"Any flower with 'k' in it?"

"Klover," says Polly, doubtfully.

"Wrong. C,l,o,v,e,r, clover. Now I'm merchant for as long as I can answer right before you have done counting ten."

"SAV, mamma, how much am I worth?"

"You are worth a million dollars to me, my son."

"Then couldn't you advance me twenty-five cents?"

STERN PARENT:—"Look here, I have just been told that you received a thrashing in school last week. I didn't know it at the time."

JIMMY:—"But I did, pa!"

PIECE FOR RECITATION.

For a Little Child.

'Tis not the mighty and the strong
Alone who help the world along:
Each boy and girl with willing heart
Can also do a noble part.

'Tis not great deeds alone that count,
For simple acts will oft amount
To quite as much, as all might see,
And thus with me you will agree

The greatest thing that man can do
Is to be good, and to be true;
And one need not be strong nor tall
To lend a helping hand to all.

A kind word's but a little thing.
Yet how much happiness 'twill bring
To one in need of just such aid,
Although by humble lips 'tis said!

NO ONE can estimate the effect of a single worthy deed, still less fix any limit to its influence. One effort to encourage the despairing, to lift the fallen, to help the helpless, to educate the ignorant, to promote happiness or welfare in any manner, is productive of results far beyond anything that was hoped for or intended. The influence for good on those who are thus aided and the degree to which it reacts upon others and extends to future generations are utterly incalculable.

THERE is nothing more important for the safety and welfare of the individual, or for the safety and welfare of society, than that each man, woman and child should be educated to work, to love to work regularly and steadily, to do each his work honestly and thoroughly, and to make such arrangements in the home and in society, or in the business world, that each one shall be provided with some sort of steady, honorable, useful work of hand or brain, or of both.

HASTE YE FAIR ONES TO THE GROVE.

Canon for Children's Voices.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GEORGE MINNS.

With Spirit.

1ST

1. Haste, haste, haste ye fair ones to the grove— Hap-py hearts that love to rove—
 2. Haste, haste, haste and let your joys a-bound In sweet music's mer-ry sound;

2ND

1. Haste, haste, haste ye fair ones to the grove— Hap-py hearts that
 2. Haste, haste, haste and let your joys a bound In sweet music's

Smiling nature's deck'd in green, Now the sweetest flow'rs are
 From the woods, each vale, and hill, Let your strains the soft air

love to rove— Smil-ing nature's deck'd in green, Now the sweetest flow'rs are
 merry sound; From the woods, each vale, and hill, Let your strains the soft air

seen. 'Tis the springtime of the year, Ev-er welcome, ev-er dear.
 fill. Deck yourselves with fair-est flow'rs, While a-way the hap-py hours.

seen. 'Tis the springtime of the year, Ev-er welcome, ev-er dear.
 fill. Deck yourselves with fair-est flow'rs, While a-way the hap-py hours.

SEE THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

SEE the little children, with their faces bright,
 Glowing in the morning sun;
 Filling hearts of parents with the sweet delight
 Of the happy race they run.
 Cheered by beaming eyes,
 Running for a prize
 Lovingly by fairies spun.

See the merry children with their sparkling eyes
 Shining like the evening stars;
 Lights along life's pathway, soon the darkness flies,
 Not a shadow ling'ring mars.
 Ever in the light,
 Lah'ring with our might, -
 Throwing down the prison bars.

Jesus Christ, the Savior, smiled on such and said,
 "Let the little children come;"
 Pure are they as angels, heaven-born and bred,
 Guarding till our life's work's done.
 Striving for the right,
 In the Gospel's light,
 Yielding to His smiling "Come."

"Come all ye that labor and are heavy laden,"
 With the little children come;
 Rest for weary wanderer in the fold He made
 When the trying race is run:
 Rest for evermore—
 Trials will be o'er,
 When the Sabbath morn has come.

—Lewis Stewart.

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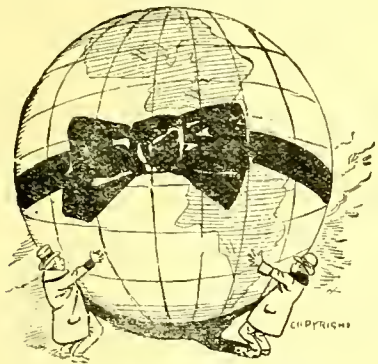
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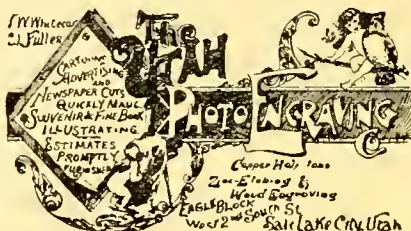
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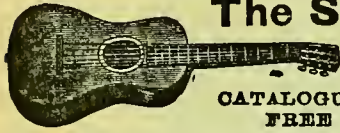
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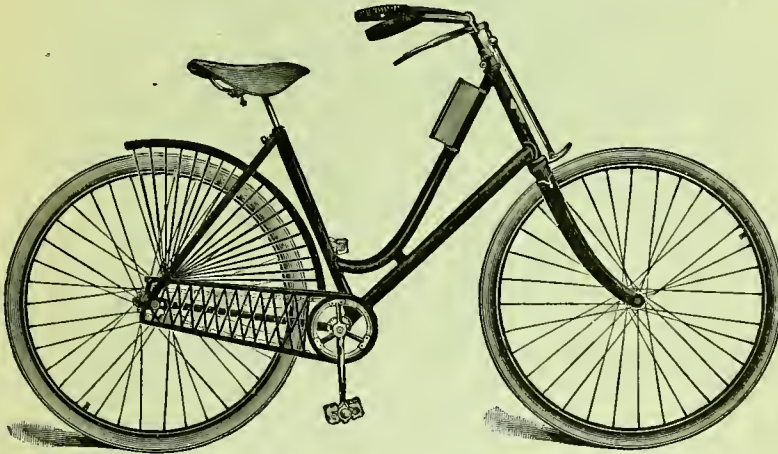
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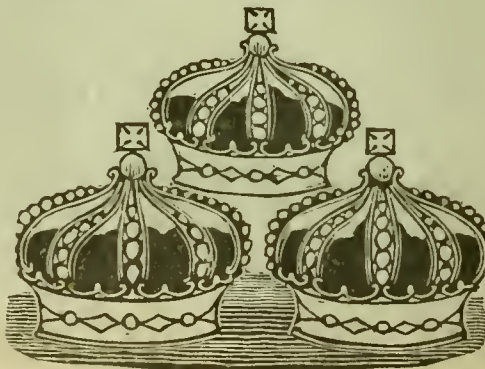
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